

## *6802 Bayfield Ave. Arverne, New York*

BRENNAN D'ELENA

He lights a cigarette and keeps  
his hand steady on the wheel.  
He puffs the smoke into my face,  
a taste I'm all too familiar with,  
as we drive throughout the city  
and watch the sky dawdle as it  
attempts to paint itself tangerine.  
He invites me into his shack;  
butts thrown on the ground, flies dancing  
above ancient dishes of leftover pasta.  
I sink into the bottomless pit that lives  
in the middle of the room, parallel  
to the drums as he begins to jam,  
pouring his music into my cup.  
I take a sip and the room spins  
like a record, like a broken clock,  
like my beating heart.